

Good 366 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Nature's "Tall Tales" Outstrip Munchausen

From ALFRED RHODES

BARON MUNCHAUSEN was the biggest liar the world has ever seen. He told some queer tales, especially about how he flew across the world riding on an albatross. Yet, in the ordinary course of events,

Nature does far more wonderful things—and Nature never lies!

Take the case of the albatross. Baron Munchausen said he travelled from America to Britain in several days. He was slow. There is a record of an albatross having flown 3,150 miles in eight days! It is the bird with the largest wing-spread of all birds. Usually its extended wings measure over ten feet, and albatrosses have been known to have spreads of several feet more than that.

Moreover, it is the original glider. Its scientific name is "Diomedea exulans," commonly called the "wandering albatross"; and it goes round the world often during its lifetime.

When seen on the wing it never seems to flap these propellers. The motion is most often a glide, and it can change its course without human eyes being able to follow the movement. It can stay in the air for a day without effort, coming down only for food, and going ashore only for breeding.

If man had the secret of some birds he would not need anything but a small fraction of fuel to make long flights by plane. As a matter of fact, some birds can fly over 2,000 miles on two ounces of fuel—but it is not petrol.

The bird that does this is called the golden plover. It spends its summers in Nova Scotia, and winters in South America. Frederick Lincoln, of the Biological Survey, Washington, D.C., the greatest specialist on bird migration, recently discovered that the golden plover does the 2,400-mile journey without a stop, in forty-eight hours.

He weighed birds just before they began their flight

to the Colours and went to France.

But this ready-made solution of Benny's wartime problems was not to last. Because Harry the gamekeeper was among the gallant band evacuated from Dunkirk and, rather part-worn in places, has been discharged from the Army and is back in the job as gamekeeper.

A MEAN TRICK.

He isn't fit for active service any more, but is more than fit for his cautious skirmishing with Benny who, on the whole, is inclined to believe that fate has dealt him rather a mean trick.

Some villages have, as you might expect, been completely transformed by war. Aerodromes have imposed their pattern on ancient common-land. New industries have sprung up nearby and filled the villages with Strand-mannered City folk.

Some have vast military camps within walking distance, so that the village inn is jammed with soldiers. Periodically, all the villages have been the scene of manoeuvres—complicated affairs which place infantry in the ditches and woods, which release showers of paratroops on the fields, which leave the roads and lanes scarred with the track marks of tanks and armoured cars.

The villagers sleep easily under this thunderous canopy. But even in the cellar of the "King's Arms," the vibration stirs the dust on the last precious bottles of the "real stuff," which the landlord hoards against the day the village awaits.

The day the boys come home.

southward; and he had them weighed immediately they arrived. The difference in weight was only two ounces. After a feed the birds were restored to their normal weight. Two ounces of fuel used for that distance!

Not only so, but the golden plover flew quicker and more directly than any man-made plane.

Another quick flyer is the deer fly, otherwise the "Cephenomyia." It can fly quicker than a musket ball can travel, although not quite so fast as a rifle bullet. It has been known to fly at the rate of 818 miles per hour.

Of course, it did not fly continuously for an hour to prove it. No man could get it into the head of the deer fly to do that; but it flew at that rate under conditions, here and there, that left no room for doubt as to speed. The speed was calculated by a motion-picture film, the speed of which was known.

And it is the male deer fly that sets up this record. The female can't quite keep up with her husband when he is in a hurry. He can make a dash of four hundred yards in a single second. He travels half as fast as sound, and that is going some. His speed is greater than the shells of Big Bertha, which gun shelled Paris in the last war.

We have heard, with surprise, of women soldiers in this war. But in Nature there is a class of insect where all the fighters are women, or, rather, females. The ant armies are composed of females of the species. The males are lazy and blind and stupid, so stupid that they can't find their way home when they are "lost." Just like some men when they visit the local. They can't even feed themselves.

In ant colonies the females are divided into castes, and one caste is intended for war. The head is larger than the ordinary ant, and the mandibles

larger and more powerful. And in some classes the female soldiers have a gas tube through which they can shoot poison gas at the enemy.

Maybe you submariners have seen, in your wanderings, the beautiful bird, the red phalarope. It is usually found about Iceland and near the north coasts of Russia and in the northern Far East.

If you ever heard of a henpecked husband it is the married red phalarope. His wife does all the wooing before marriage; and after she has won him she browbeats him mercilessly, like any shrew among humans. She makes him hatch the eggs, and care for the kids when they come into the world. She has far more brilliant colours than the male.

The red phalarope is a marine bird, something like a cross between a duck and a seagull. It is about eighteen inches long and likes cold climates.

As for fertility, we pride ourselves when there are quads in the district. Huh! Scientists have just found that rats think bigger—much bigger. The offspring of a single pair of rats in five years may number fifteen million!

Lines of Communication

JUST on one hundred years ago, quite a stir was caused by the suggested application of the electric telegraph to domestic purposes.

One announcement stated that "an experiment will be tried at one of the large houses at the Albert Gate, Hyde Park. A servant will be stationed in one of the garrets and another placed in the cellar, and a communication will be sent through the telegraph for the latter to bring up a bottle of wine."

"Should this be found to answer, wires will then be hung from floor to floor, and an anxious mother in the back parlour will be able to learn in a second what is going on in the nursery without any of the trouble of going there."—From a "Punch" advertisement.



Our Village To-day is Waiting . . .

IN the last war they used to sing a song which went: "Where are the lads of the village to-night? Where are the knuts we knew? In Piccadilly or Leicester Square? Oh, not there! Oh, not there!" Now, quite a few of the lads of the village are "away on business" as I write this message. And how does the village get on without them?

AFTER FOUR YEARS

I put the question to myself, and in order to find the answer spent a few days in the Buckingham village of Skirmett, which lies in a beautiful and dampish valley not far from its sister villages of Lane End and Wheeler. I was no stranger to these villages, and by using past experience, was able to form a fair impression of the impact of four years of war on an English village.

You know, it is very easy when sending you news from home to think solely in terms of the big towns and cities. But what happens in the village hall at Wroxham, Norfolk, may be more symptomatic of present-day Britain than the latest parade in Trafalgar Square, because London may change from day to day, and nobody think very much about it. But when an English village changes its way of life, then you have something!

The outstanding effect of this war on village life has been, in my view, that the clock has been set back many decades, and the village has reverted to those tranquil days when it was never a week-end playground for the towns. The chief reason for this is petrol rationing, which has driven the private car from the roads, and has isolated the villages as never before, since the era of the stage coach.

Apart from districts where there are military camps, the country roads are more quiet, more beautiful, than they have been in our time.

Away from shabby London,

the advent of Spring becomes a real fact. Blackthorn brushes the hedgerows with white. Almond blossoms burst into a pink froth. The larches show their first green on the fringe of the copses.

Hares and rabbits are having a high old time. Colonies of rooks and crows scatter like scraps of burnt paper. The village postman whistles as he cycles along—a lonely figure in

Capt. Cyril James of Army Intelligence sent this cable from Home to "Crusader"—the 8th Army Newspaper

a stretch of deserted road. A miniature plague of frogs infests the lane back of the village hall. A tremulous haze, compounded of mist and woodsmoke, hangs over the trees, and the whole countryside throbs with new life.

Well, I'm not much good at this kind of nature writing, and I don't want to rub it in for villager troops, who know better than I what April brings to the countryside—and miss it all like Hell.

Let's move to the village pub, that sure barometer of village life, where Bert Butters stands behind the bar and marvels at the changes war has brought to Bucks.

Once he was able to forecast the exact state of his pub at any given moment. In the one bar, a noisy game of darts among the locals. In the other, the people from the Big House on the hill and their week-end guests, equally noisy, and talking what seems to your good villager an inordinate amount of nonsense.

ALL CHANGED.

But war has changed all that. The local squire's car is laid up for the duration and he doesn't stir far from home. Like as not, his sons are at the front, or in destroyers on the High Seas. His daughters are in the Auxiliary Services or directed to war industries.

—And the "old dads" of the village have taken over the "smart" bar. They nod over their pints, slowly deliberating

the remarkable progress of the spring onion crop.

As a variation, they shake their heads gravely over the "goings on" of the village girls, who are now earning good money in nearby towns and periodically reappear in the village with fierce make-up and a way of speech which is paralytically urban to the old boys on the corner.

And when young Florrie, whom they remembered doing the washing in the back garden, appeared the other day in a two-piece costume and insisted on ordering drinks for everyone in the house—and a gin for herself—she started something which will be discussed and dissected long after this war is won.

They were pleased to hear young Ted had won the M.M. in Italy, but they weren't surprised. They had done their share in the last war—and some of them in the Boer War before that—and it seemed perfectly proper and natural that the youngsters should carry on with the good work.

I didn't hear much talk about the war. Sometimes, when one of the boys would come home on leave there would be a bit of leg-pulling and talk about "When will this lot be over?"

PHILOSOPHER.

In the village pub you miss, thank Heavens, the shrill, city criticism of the apparent hold-ups, or slowness of our campaigns. Because the countryman is a patient and philosophic thinker who is trained by tradition to deal with uncertain things like wind and weather, and knows that reverses and setbacks in war are as inevitable as a late frost, and, if tackled soberly, as little likely to interfere with a full harvest.

No, the war is not the ruling topic, and the saloon bar strategist is an unknown pest. Rather, they are still talking, and will keep on talking of Old Benny and Harry.

Old Benny, who on state occasions puts up his long row of medal ribbons, is more than a little acquainted with the rabbits, hares and pheasants of this part of the Buckinghamshire countryside. And the deep pockets in his battered overcoat appear a little large for carrying wallets or letters, even to the most innocent mind.

Between Benny and young Harry, who is the gamekeeper, a state of guarded cordiality has existed for many years. Then, in 1939, Harry was called

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Even the Baron couldn't improve on Betty Grable—To-day's Pin-Up



CELLAR'S SECRET

PART 6

NERVES were on edge at the "Cosworth Arms" that night. The gale swept up the creek, rattling the windows and driving smoke down the chimneys in choking gusts.

Fred Pendrew was angry. Mr. Harold Watson had sprained his ankle, hurrying for his car, and had been forced to take to his bed. Only Bealing was cheerful. He had little to do, save take Mr. Watson's dinner up to his room.

He brought dinner to the Pendrews' own sitting-room, and was at pains to serve it with particular care. He produced an old bottle of Burgundy, and murmured:

"I found a few of this in a corner of the cellar, sir. It doesn't seem to be on the list. I thought perhaps, sir, you'd try it yourself first, before I offer it in the coffee room?"

Fred Pendrew was flattered. Never before had he had a waiter who treated him in this deferential way. He was right to have taken on this butler; it was going to give tone to the place.

"Mr. Watson is feeling rather poorly," said Bealing. "He fears he has a chill. I took him a tray earlier, but he would not eat much. He wishes a hot drink at ten o'clock."

And Bealing came to Pendrew just after he had locked up the house, to ask for Mr. Watson's drink.

"Would there be anything more to-night, sir?"

Pendrew was having a stiff nightcap of brandy and water.

"Nothing, Bealing, nothing," he answered, yawning.

Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

Bealing moved quietly off with the tray. Pendrew heard his light tread on the stairs, a distant knock, and the closing of Mr. Watson's door after the waiter entered. Presently he made his way to his own room.

Mr. Harold Watson and Bealing heard him pass the door, and they exchanged glances. Mr. Watson, for an invalid, was curiously attired. He lounged in an armchair, fully clad, smoking a cigarette. Bealing was sitting on the end of the bed, also smoking. He grinned as Pendrew's footsteps creaked into the distance, and flicked some ash on the floor.

"Give him ten minutes, Jim, and he won't disturb us," he said in a crisp voice, only faintly reminiscent of the perfect butler. "I'd like you to have a look at the cellar."

Watson nodded.

"Right."

"And, by the way, Lynn's back. I'm not too happy about that young man; I believe he knows something we don't," Bealing said.

Mr. Watson took a sip of the hot drink which had been brought to assuage his cold.

"I shouldn't worry too much about Lynn," he said.

"You didn't see him that night at dinner," Bealing retorted. "He was damned confused when they started ragging him."

Bealing spoke with a touch of impatience. "My point is: does he know something else?"

"I'll go and see him to-morrow," Watson said. "I may be able to get something out of him."

Bealing nodded, and moved quickly to the door, listening. Somewhere a window was rattling in the wind, and an unfastened door swung to and fro.

"That'll wake someone up if it isn't stopped," he said. "I think I'll have a look at it."

It was some time before he returned, and Watson was beginning to grow anxious when, very silently, he slid into the room.

"Good job I did go," he said. "It was the bathroom, and the girl came along to shut it just as I got there."

"Who, the maid?"

"No; Anstice. I had to go on to my room. That's what kept me."

"Well, it's all right now, I suppose?" Watson asked.

"I think so. She looked half

asleep. Still, we'd better wait a bit longer."

Mr. Harold Watson agreed at once; for it was the butler who gave the orders now, and the guest who obeyed. Bealing stood for some minutes, both arms resting on the chimney-piece. Presently he said:

"You're sure there's nothing more about the cellar but that bit at the end?"

"Quite," Watson answered, looking up. "I know that blessed book."

"Let's have a look," Bealing demanded, his strange blue eyes fixed.

Watson unlocked a heavy suitcase and felt for a hidden pocket. "Here it is," he said.

He passed across an ancient vellum-bound volume. Bealing opened it towards the end, and peered at it closely.

"Curse this infernal script! I can't read it properly," he complained. Watson came to his shoulder and began to interpret.

The book was in manuscript, written in small, neat handwriting, sometimes in English, sometimes in Latin, with every now and again whole pages in the Greek character.

The paper was thick, and mellow in tone, with the watermark showing plainly, and the writing was as clear as on the day it was written: "Sept. 16, 1759," as a heading at the top of the page indicated. The last page was one of those for which the writer had used Greek letters, although the language was English.

"Here's the entry. It's quite clear," said Watson, running his finger along the lines. "'M. came this morning,'" he read. "He says to-night is our opportunity. P. been drunk since yesterday forenoon. Way through the cellar is clear. M. says he can take me to treasure in 1/2 hour less. I doubt even now it be true. I still think the right way is by the chimney. But heaven send I be wrong and M. right." Then followed, apparently as an afterthought, a microscopic note, much harder to decipher: "S. wall 40 ft."

Bealing nodded gravely.

"Yes. It sounds all right—on paper. But it doesn't look so damned easy when you get down there, as you'll see, Jim. Anyhow, let's get down—and tread light."

BEALING'S last injunction was hardly necessary, for the gale now shook the whole house and filled it with queer creakings and groans. But the two men felt easier when they reached the cellar.

It was a spacious, stone-floored place, which had evidently been enlarged. For the most part the walls were of native rock, roughly plastered over and whitewashed, and overhead were the rude joists of the taproom floor. There was a mass of rubbish about.

Bealing turned on an electric torch, and indicated two or three

bottles in one of the uppermost bins.

"That's where I found the rare burgundy," he laughed.

Watson grinned. He knew well enough that that wine had arrived with Bealing, and had come from Sir Harry Cosworth's cellars.

"Which is the south wall?" he asked.

Bealing indicated that with the wine bins.

"You've measured, of course?"

"Yes. From both ends. But that doesn't help much. Here are the marks."

Watson inspected each—a rough gash Bealing had made in the whitewash of what was obviously solid rock.

"Perhaps it's in the floor," he said, stooping down.

The flagstones beneath seemed to have been bedded for centuries. Watson stamped hard upon them, but they were firm and gave no hollow sound.

"We don't seem to have got much further," he said gloomily.

They wandered aimlessly about for a time, discussing possibilities, and tapping at random on the solid wall. The cellar struck cold, and Watson shivered. He was plainly discouraged. But Bealing's face had grown stubborn. His eyes were for ever ranging the place, as if seeking to look behind the stone.

"Here, this is getting a bit chilly," Watson grumbled. "What about a drink?"

Bealing had taken out a tape and was checking his first measurements.

"You can if you like," he answered over his shoulder; "but you'll have to take the burgundy—he can't check that."

Watson went across to the wall and climbed up by some empty bins, reaching out to get at the wine. But with his hand almost upon the bottle, his foot slipped and he came down with a crash.

Bealing was on his feet in a moment.

"Do you want to bring the whole house out of bed?" he said, cursing in a low, vicious tone.

Watson picked himself up, rubbing his knee.

"And look what you've done to that shelf," Bealing went on savagely. "It seems to me you want to give the whole show away."

He began tugging at the shelf. "Clumsy fool!" he muttered.

It refused to move, and he put all his strength into a further effort to get it straight. Then suddenly it gave, and came away altogether, almost tumbling him on to the floor.

"Curse the thing!" he exclaimed wildly. "Now look what you've done!"

But Watson paid no heed to him. He was gazing at the wall at the back of the bin, upon which his torch was trained. The shelf had pulled away a lot of plaster, and behind it showed, not stone, but the wood of an ancient door.

"Clive! Look, man, look!" Watson said in an excited voice.

"See that!"

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11		12			
13					14			
15			16		17		18	
			19		20			
21	22	23			24			25
	26			27				
28			29			30	31	
32			33	34	35			
36				37				
38						39		

- 1 Smack.
- 5 Spoil shape of.
- 10 Refined.
- 12 Notion.
- 13 Benumbed.
- 14 Light
- carriages.
- 15 Cry of joy.
- 16 Child.
- 18 Tree.
- 19 Decisive.
- 21 Reception-
- room.
- 24 Nuzzled.
- 26 Shown in
- columns.
- 28 Acquired.
- 29 Transgress.
- 30 Insect.
- 32 Afresh.
- 34 Climbed.
- 36 Floor
- covering.
- 37 Irish county.
- 38 Performers.
- 39 Signify.

SLOT	SIRDAR
CAVIL	NURSE
APACE	STATE
MET	GAP
PLEA	BAKER
S	CRANE
TWEET	ACHE
HOE	DEW
AWARD	AWOKE
REVUE	GIVEN
PREENS	TEST

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Algerian soldiers.
- 2 Forfeit.
- 3 Choice marble.
- 4 Mixed type.
- 5 Store.
- 6 Fruit.
- 7 Hateful.
- 8 Feed well.
- 9 Hide.
- 11 A disease.
- 17 Occupation.
- 19 Cheat.
- 20 Because.
- 22 Unaccented.
- 23 Concealed.
- 25 Famous English poet.
- 27 Leans over.
- 28 Festive occasion.
- 30 Sheet of ice.
- 31 Girl's name.
- 32 Court.
- 35 Limb.

Bealing, too, had noticed it or twelve feet his progress was arrested, and his feet touched soft but firm ground. For some moments he was afraid to move, fearing the check to be only temporary; but, as confidence returned, he shifted carefully, and managed to get into a kneeling position and feel about him.

"My God, Jim," he cried, "we've found it!" He went down on his knees, running his hands deftly along the wood-work.

"It goes to the floor," he whispered. "See." He was scratching away at the plaster. "There's the sill, here, and the top is just under that other shelf."

"But how are we to get it open—and when?" Watson asked with sudden despondence.

Bealing's eyes were not still for a moment. He looked from his companion to the door, then to the walls, back to Watson's glum face, and then to the broken shelf on the floor by his side.

"We'll have to patch it up somehow for to-night," he said. "And I've got to think it out. Here, give me a hand."

He moved with amazing energy. First he placed the broken shelf against the wall to hide the door; then he and Watson set to work, and neatly stacked the cavity full with empty bottles.

Bealing regarded their work approvingly.

"That's all right," he said. "It'll satisfy Pendrew to-morrow—and I've got a scheme, Jim. You've got to do some work in this. I'll tell you."

Cautiously they made their way back, through the creaking house to Mr. Watson's room.

TALKING of his eerie experience afterwards, Martin Lynn always maintained that it was curiosity rather than fear that he felt as he slid into the darkness.

"One was waiting for the bump at the bottom," he used to explain, "and wondering, quite dispassionately, whether one would break any bones. And the bump never came."

For this was what happened. After a sprawling descent of ten

feet his progress was arrested, and his feet touched soft but firm ground. For some moments he was afraid to move, fearing the check to be only temporary; but, as confidence returned, he shifted carefully, and managed to get into a kneeling position and feel about him.

He was on some sort of earth-covered ledge.

He crept forward and peered over the edge of the turn. The noise of the sea was much louder now. It made a queer, moaning sound as it hit the mouth of the cave.

Above his head daylight showed through the jagged hole. Instinct made him climb towards it. It was a tricky job, for the rock was slippery, and tiny avalanches of loose stone and earth still trickled down upon him, but it did not take long to get head and shoulders above ground once more.

And then, following the intense relief of his escape, came an overpowering desire to return to the ledge and investigate further. His mishap, he realised, was a great stroke of fortune. Here was a way into the Fern Cave already made. Carefully he lowered himself back to the ledge.

He took some paper from his pocket and made a torch. The flame flickered wildly in the uprush of air, but it showed him something that made his heart beat faster.

There were unmistakable foot-holds cut in the rock, and, here and there, a great rusty iron spike jammed into a crevice to give grip for the hand.

(To be continued.)

WANGLING WORDS—312

1. Put a girl in GT and get the bird.

2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Kilm 'sit on sue grynec ervo split.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change BOY into MAN and then back again into BOY, without using the same word twice.

4. Find the hidden foodstuff in: If you want something to give, get a blend of Indian and China teas. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 311

1. Maiden.

2. It's a long lane that has no turning.

3. WALK, talk, tack, rack, RACE, rice, ride, rile, bile, bale, balk, WALK.

4. T-ham-es.

QUIZ for today

1. Mankie is a vegetable, native boy, Bedouin game, variety of tea, Zulu chief?

2. Who wrote (a) Ode to the Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew, (b) Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Buttercup, Columbine, Clematis, Antirrhinum, Delphinium.

4. What was the Annus Mirabilis, and why was it so called?

5. What country has an area of only 65 square miles?

6. What part of your anatomy is the patella?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Scintilla, Scimitar, Scimulate, Scintica, Scimiliter.

8. What is wormwood, and for what is it used?

9. What is the difference between Columbia and Colombia?

10. Where was Joan of Arc born?

11. What are the Mohammedan divisions called?

12. How many birds can you think of whose names consist of three letters only?

Answers to Quiz in No. 365

1. Flower.

2. (a) H. G. Wells, (b) Anita Loos.

3. Mother is feminine; others masculine.

4. Vice-Admiral.

5. "With fire."

6. Four.

7. Gladiator, Gondolier.

8. A kind of pickle-fork, in which the third prong is widened into a spoon with a sharp edge.

9. $4 \times 4 + \frac{4}{4}$

10. 540 millions.

11. Five florins and a sixpence.

12. Dog-rose, Dog-violet, Dog's Mercury, etc.

JANE

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR NEWS OF THE AIR MARSHAL'S VISIT TO REACH THE BOMBER'S ARMS—ALTHOUGH DINAH TELLS ME IT'S OUT OF BOUNDS FOR THE BOYS...



LET'S SEE—IS THIS THE BATHROOM?



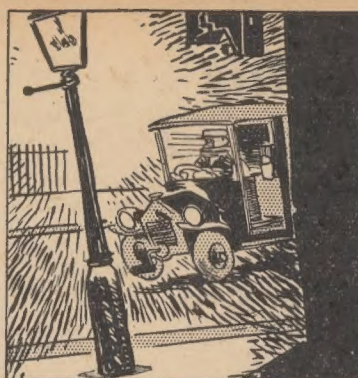
IT'S LOCKED, ANYWAY—AS USUAL!



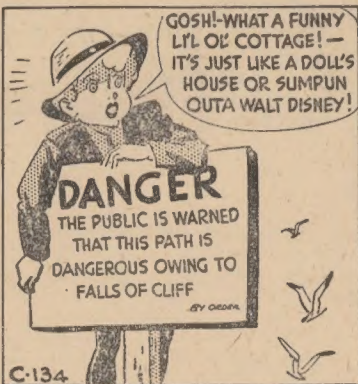
HOY!—YOU CAN'T GO IN THAT ROOM, MISS—OR YOU'RE LIABLE TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD LIKE!



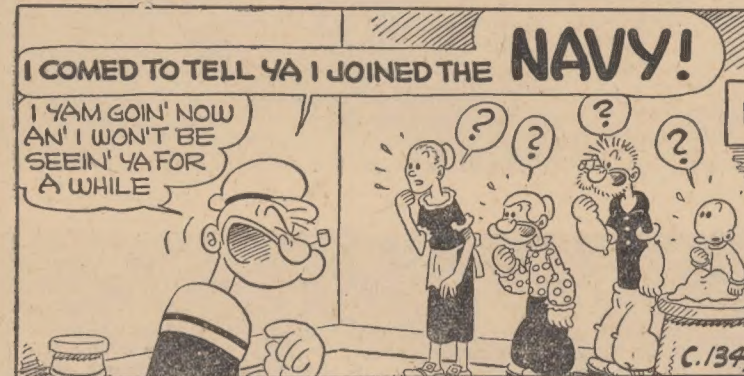
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



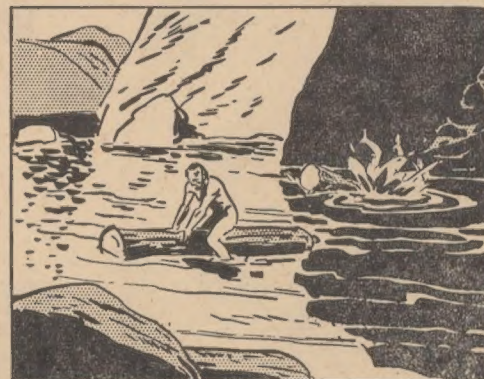
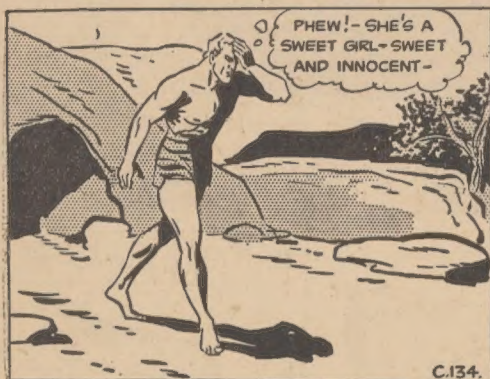
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

ORNITHOLOGICAL.

MEN in the Forces overseas have seen strange sights since they left these shores, especially, perhaps, in the world of Nature—rivers, plains, mountains, all on a scale almost unimaginably greater than those at home; birds and animals of a variety and colour that make our own look plain by contrast.

This love of Nature is, of course, no purely war development. In pre-war days there were many who were devoted to the study.

Birds in particular had a special appeal. It will not be without interest, therefore, if I say something about birds in this country in war-time.

The usual inflow of migrants in the spring and the departure in the autumn seems to have been disturbed, for these fascinating creatures now come and go at, apparently, no definite times.

They come from places which they seldom left in times of peace; our own fly away to lands which only a little while back they had no thought of visiting.

In England—and in Scotland, too—we have large numbers from the United States, and also Canada. They are not just the ordinary spring migrants, for many came in the depth of winter and many of them went off farther afield during the spring. The ordinary time-table no longer counts.

Quite a quantity have come to these shores from the West, from France, Holland, and even Norway. There are signs that these latter will, before long, be going back home again.

Many of our own birds have taken flight to the Middle East, and even to the Far East, though Egypt seems to possess special fascinations for them.

A number of our visitors have mated with our own indigenous species, and not a few of our own birds which have gone overseas have found mates in distant lands.

These visitors from overseas are, in many ways, more colourful than our own varieties, though no doubt much of this charm is due to their foreign origin.

Their plumage is, in most cases, finer, though, indeed, they do discard much of their glamour before they leave their own shores.

There seems to be little doubt, if we are to believe the experts, that this disturbed migration will cease very largely when the present abnormal conditions are over, though there will be, doubtless, a settlement of considerable quantities of foreign birds in parts of the world which they have not hitherto frequented in large numbers—that is, of course, if, as is to be expected, they accompany their mates to their homes.

Still, it will be pleasant, in the days to come, to be visited as we shall be by many of the birds who have come to us for the first time in these war years.



A BOOKLESS EUROPE.

EVERYWHERE in Europe the Germans have either destroyed or taken away all the apparatus of culture—paintings, sculpture, books. One of the tasks of the Allies will be to see that books are provided as soon as possible, so that the education of the children in the occupied regions may be resumed.

Discussions have been going on for some time to this end. What decisions have been arrived at we do not know, but, in the meantime, the personal opinions of a well-known literary gent. may be helpful.

He is not concerned with purely scholastic books, but rather with those which are to be enjoyed in leisure and which will play a big part in developing the mental make-up of youth.

For the girls, he says, what could be better than "Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book," "Little Women," and "The Girls' Own Paper," and for the boys "Wisden's" immortal cricket annual, "Eric, or Little by Little," and perhaps old volumes of "Chums" and "The Boys' Own Paper"?

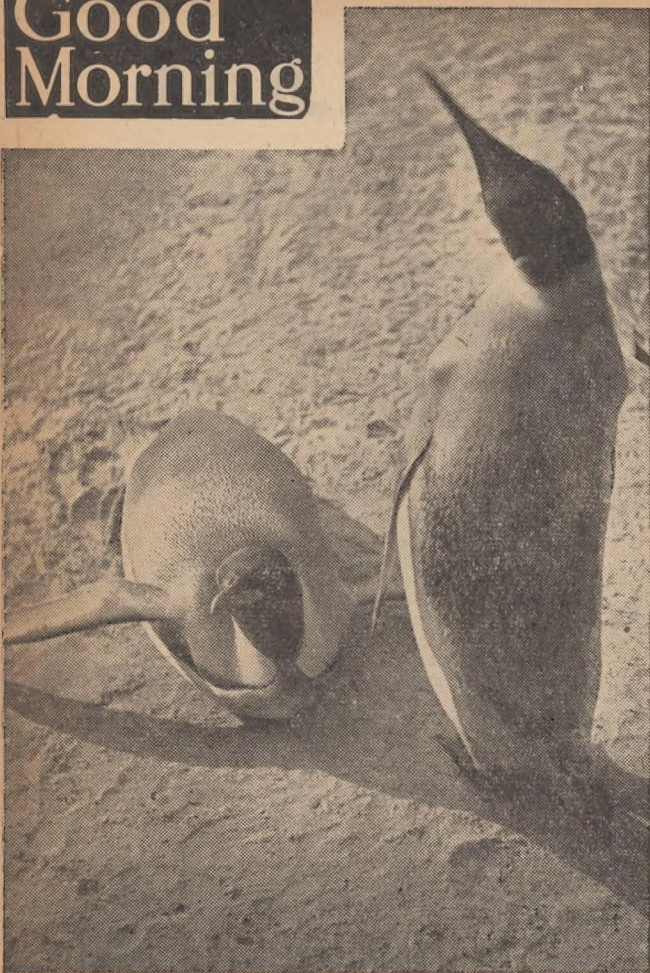
We have, ourselves, done pretty well on this mental pabulum. For older children, my friend suggests Captain Marryat and Henty, and, for the girls, carefully selected bits of Tennyson and Marie Corelli.

I should have thought, for myself, that the latter was rather strong meat, and that something on the lines of "Home Notes" or "Peggy's (or Pansy's) Paper" would have been more appropriate.

However, as most of us will agree, the main thing is to ensure that whatever is provided is nice in the real English sense of the word.

What we want is a generation of nice little boys and girls with nice manners, respectful to their elders, and responsive to kindness and guidance, not little hooligans who know nothing about W. G. and Hobbs and Mr. Gladstone and Gordon, both the General and Mr. Richards. At the same time we must be progressive, never forgetting that "where there is no vision the people perish."

**Good
Morning**



"Gor blimey, pal, don't you recognise you're on dry land?"

"Sure, but I like practice."



This England

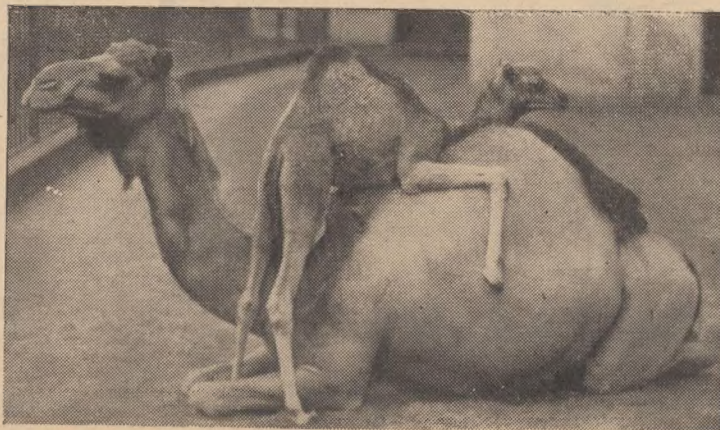
Where generations have milled their bread. Hemingford Mill, near St. Ives, Hunts.



"Oh, thou bugle-eyed maiden," as Shakespeare said. Paramount's Carol Thurston is not from London, but we'd bet her folk were.



"Parkin' arrangements terrible, I'd say. Where's me 45 h.p. Rolls Go-Cart? And where's the attendant?"



So that's what a camel's hump is for! If we'd known in the desert, we'd have put our neck on it instead of... well, you know.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Coming, sir"

